

CHRONICLE
OF
THE SATURDAY CLUB

1910-11

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Chronicle
of the
Saturday Club



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Chronicle
of the
Saturday Club
1910-11

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Dedicated
In Grateful Tribute
to
Frederick Brigden, Esq., Sen.
Honorary President
of the
Saturday Club
A Man Venerable in Knowledge
More Venerable for Virtue

Officers

Hon. President

J. Brigden, Sen.

President

C. M. Hanly

Vice-President

D. Scott

Reporters

W. H. Brigden

J. Frank Raw

Secretary

J. W. Barry

Members

William W. Alexander

James Barr. James W. Barry

Fred H. Brigden. George Brigden

William H. Brigden

Raymond H. Collinge. John Graham

Thomas G. Greene

Sidney H. Howard. Walter P. Harris

Arthur Kemble

Thomas E. Knowlton

Charles H. Manly

William K. McNeill. George C. Pepall

J. Frank Raw. Andrew Rollo

Dan Scott

Morgan Smith. Richard T. Stanley

Charles Wilbraham

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Indian Summer

October 23rd, 1910.

DURING last month the forces of nature, so far as we can judge, have proceeded with their accustomed regularity. No planet has been reported missing from its appointed sphere. The sun has risen and the moon has waned. Man has gone forth to his labour as heretofore. Bright with sunshine or sad with rain, the season has moved onward to its close. Once more the brief glories of Autumn have gleamed upon the woods; once more upon all the ways our footsteps rustle among fallen

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leaves. Again the mornings glisten with hoarfrost, and the nights are hazy with autumnal mists. Once again the dark pines, the spruces, the hemlocks and cedars, all steadfast company of the evergreens, emerge from the hillsides, the rearguards and garrisons of the beleaguered and retreating woodland army that during Winter's long siege will keep flying the Colours of Hope for the reinforcements of Spring.

C. W. JEFFERYS.

Saturday Club, October 22, 1904.



The Secretary has pleasure in recording midst this transition of nature the CCCXXVIth Meeting of the Saturday Club, there being thirteen members present at our Shrine of Happiness, 103 Rose Avenue, Toronto.

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President Manly, in exuberance of heart, in tones, half-tones, and monotones, welcomed the members back to the fold, and taking fresh breath, this time said: "We are again privileged to foregather beside the 'fireplace of the gas-logs and firedogs' in the Brigden Home, which has afforded us so many 'warm' evenings when it was too cold to skate over to Niagara Falls. We are assembled here in communion with each other to consider again weighty subjects—that 2 and 2 do not make 4, but 22; that it is safe to assume that a man with a big banking account is neither poet nor Canadian artist; that man is still pursued by his sinful inheritance—taxation, and whether the world is growing better when thirty-seven inmates of the jail had to sleep on the floor last Monday night without Ostermoors, and other terrestrial contemplations."



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The President spoke "ex-cathedra."



Mr. T. G. Greene followed with a paper entitled "Across Lots," which dealt with the Fall of Man, the joys of the sketcher, a criticism of The Masters, and a thesis on "How to Paint"—all observations being *à la carte*.



"High Art on the 2nd Concession" was handled by that member of exalted endowments, Mr. W. W. Alexander.



In opening, "Billy Alex." declared that he did not want to live in vain, but rather at Greene's Corners; that it was better to have a dinner of herbs where love is than dwell in the tents of the ungodly; that Greene's Corners was the

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home of the blest, where the firstfruits of the hen could be found in abundance—if the farmer did not catch you.



Mr. Alexander whitewashed his picture of Greene's Corners in hopeful eulogy, it being "Varnishing Day."



Cross-firing on High Art and reproductions followed, and although Mr. George Brigden was present, the meeting passed off without much disorder.

Guy Fawkes' Night, 1910.

MINUTES of the CCCXXVIIth Meeting of the Saturday Club, there being present to gather pearls from the great ocean of Truth nine, or three less than when Sir Wilfrid Laurier was only sixty-eight years old.



President Manly in honied words, before the literary petitions were presented to the Goddess of Wisdom, thanked Mr. John Graham for the sketch that adorns the Season's Programme representing one of the Wise Virgins on the inside with her lamp well filled and bright, in dreadful contrast to those outside weeping and wailing and brushing their teeth.



Under the caption of "Scottish Tales," Mr. Graham was at home with his essay, and read

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it with native sympathy, at once delightful. His word-picture of St. Mary's and of Sir Walter Scott—that literary giant whose mind was an empire of Caledonian thought and poetry—gave a blending to the paper that placed it on the quarter-deck of literary excellence. The Club is to be congratulated in having made such a “find” in the member from Stornaway House, Borough of Balmy Beach, Toronto.



Then, with a fearful noise, Club Reporter Frank Raw delivered his “maiden effort,” touching on current topics, all being hobbled, including the maiden, in correct twentieth-century style of literature. For want of a better subject, the meeting fastened on to the Budget and Form IV, both being severely dealt with.



A discussion hotter than the Panama Canal Zone was indulged in until eleven o'clock, when

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cocoa and biscuits arrived as fresh fuel. Finally Fred was able to clear the room and get the members out on the street along with the Budget, where, like Lucy Gray, it was lost in the snow.

November 19th, 1910.

CONTEMPLATIONS of the Secretary concerning the CCCXXVIIIth Meeting of the Saturday Club, there being ten members present, who endorse "Uncle Will's" proclamation that language has climbed the steps of civilization and is the plastic medium that adapts itself to each succeeding generation.



It was resolved to hold the XXIIIrd Annual Wassail on Friday Eve, December 30th, the whole affair to be steeped in Christmas spirit—Scotch preferred.



In the absence of the President, Mr. Dan Scott was successful in keeping the poets of the evening from fighting.



Dr. Johnson in 1776 observed: "You may translate books of science exactly; you may also trans-

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late history, but poetry cannot be preserved in any language except that in which it was originally written. Therefore learn the language." Our Canadian writers have in no small degree contributed towards the abiding preservation of the Anglo-Saxon tongue.



"Canadian Poets' Evening" was set in motion by Mr. F. H. Brigden, who read a paper on "Archibald Lampman and his Work"—nature's subtle fancies translated into song. Dr. Boyd-Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon and man of letters, has told one of us it is poetry destined to live; poetry suggesting the Perfect—what we would be, not what we are.



Mr. Andrew Rollo's sketch of Robert W. Service suggested the strife and hardship in quest of Yukon gold. It showed Service the Genius possessed of

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a freedom all his own. A poet of action ; more of Macaulay than Longfellow—more of Kipling than Tennyson.



In an essay on Wilfred Campbell, Mr. Geo. T. Pepall observed that Campbell's poems, though breathing a Canadian sentiment, Tennysonian in flavour, could not be classed as great, although he may yet burn with fire divine. Mr. Pepall's elegance was indicative of thought and culture.



Bliss Carman, through the charm of Mr. Scott's rich and picturesque diction, was given a front seat. Mr. Scott's selections from Carman's work were happy. "Everlasting Right" and "O Mr. Moon" were read with feeling and sympathy.



Dr. Drummond, great and generous heart, whose ear ever hearkened to the poor and needy,

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was made radiant with beauty by Mr. Sid Howard, who showed that Drummond sang in two keys—humorous and gently pathetic. Mr. Howard stated that “dialect made Drummond, and without dialect Drummond’s poetry was not of much value.”



Mr. W. H. Brigden’s philosophical introduction of Roberts was especially interesting. Mr. Brigden read some choice selections reflecting a fatalism which optimists can never enjoy, concluding with “The Night Express”—a fine touch in the sombre key.



In the Japanese-British Exposition in London this year was blazoned the following motto:—

“The excellence of every Art must consist in the complete accomplishment of its purpose.”

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It is fair to say, after listening for an evening to the songs of our Canadian bards, that in a large measure this precept has been crowned with success.



Terence said: "So many men, so many minds. Every man to his own way." The variation in treatment of the papers made each a particular treat. The best in each poet was brought out and, combined, made the evening one of greatest note. The members went home feeling several years younger.



"Men are only boys grown tall—
Hearts don't change much, after all."

December 3rd, 1910.

REFLECTIONS of the Secretary relative to the CCCXXIXth Meeting of the Saturday Club, there being present twelve members at this Festival of Opinion, who agree with Addison that the hours of a wise man are lengthened by his ideas as those of a fool by his passions.



In "English Characteristics" Mr. Andrew Rollo, magic essayist, by his innate originality, afforded a contradiction of the 137th Psalm, which tells how the Children of Israel hung their harps on willow trees, crying, "We cannot sing in a strange land." The Singer Rollo, though far from his native heather, sang to the gathered multitude of how the average Englishman, like the weather, was dull and phlegmatic; that the middle-class Englishman was a self-made man; that the heroic spirit of

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Drake and Raleigh still lives; that nearly every little corner of England was once the haunt of Genius; that Englishmen manage to blunder to success; that poets and scribblers possess in English gardens and flowers an inspirable environment, and over all this enchanting scene is largely writ the word "Home."



Mr. Rollo unfolded himself like the "Opening of a Chestnut Burr," and showed his deductive genius to a degree better than has been. He read his essay with a sympathy that afforded enjoyment to himself, and was transmitted to the assembled company.



The discussion generated into a talk on the haunts of Old London. It was finally resolved that the rural architecture and garden beauties of England are the finest in the British Isles.

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Mr. W. H. Brigden, Club Reporter, gave an able resumé of labour conditions and the present unrest in England, augmented by simplified statistics.



"Uncle Will" advanced some arguments bearing upon local issues which had not a leg to stand on. He was soon "horse-de-combat," but despite this "mal-de-mare," finished strong with a precious message from Galt that local option had been adopted among the Scotch, which Mr. Rollo at once challenged.



After Miss Brigden, Light of the Household, had "rushed in" the CCCXXIXth Edition of her hospitality, the CCCXXIXth Meeting adjourned.

December 17th, 1910.

DEDUCTIONS from the CCCXXXth Meeting of the Saturday Club, there being eleven present, who endorse Pope and Pepall's contention that the proper study of mankind is man.



The evening's event was the Club Magazine, edited and read by Dan Scott, D.D., Dean of Dovercourt.



There were ten anonymous literary discharges or "flashes in the pan," entitled :

Romances, Past and Present ;
Types we meet ;
A Road that did not lead to Rome ;
Sporting Note on English Football ;
Paragraphs, as you enter ;
Tragedies of Waste ;

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From the Idiot's Den ;
Canadian Night in the Jungle Club ;
A Letter to the Editor, and
'98 on the Coast.



The papers were well written, and showed a diversity symbolic of the Club's talent.



Editor Scott was congratulated on his success in extracting so many clarified filtrations from the grey matter of this little literary world.



Much guessing followed, and as style springs eternal even in ink, some conjectors came close home, while others were as far away as Napoleon's love of St. Helena.



The "Court Circular" announced the election of

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Mr. Arthur Kemble, formerly of Kingston, Jamaica,
to the privileges of the runic circle of the mystic
Druids.



The meeting was filled with friendship and
much enjoyed.

January 7th, 1911.

MINUTES of the CCCXXXIst Meeting of the Saturday Club, there being in evidence nine survivors of the XXIIIrd charge of the Light Brigade upon the Annual Dinner at the Strollers' Club.



"Up and down through England," a theme replete with beauty as given by Mr. F. H. Brigden, to whom Nature does not spread her volumes or utter her voice in vain.



"Paddington Station, like Free Trade, is open to all comers; Worthing-by-the-sea is worth seeing; rural Sussex is in the country; and British Art, like the Navy, grows stronger every day," declared Fred, amid éclat.



The contribution possessed so many excellent

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parts—divers parts—that it may truly be called a literary symphony, the melody being particularly sweet in the wood division of the Lake District.



The Secretary read extracts from the Autobiography of Charles Unwin, Esq., until recently Surveyor to the city of Toronto. These showed the wonderful changes and growth of the municipality during the past forty years.



Let me close these "fleeting minutes" with Mr. Unwin's own words: "May the City of Toronto, the Dominion of Canada, and the Empire continue to grow not only in material things, but, better far, in the fear of God, for this alone shall bring a man peace at the last."

January 21st, 1911.

REVIEW of the CCCXXXIIInd Meeting of the Saturday Club, there being eight present who concur with the sentiment contained in Poetess Johnson's acrostic:—

CANADA

Crown of her, young Vancouver ; crest of her, old Quebec.
Atlantic and far Pacific sweeping her, keel to deck.
North of her ice and Arctics ; southward, a rival's stealth ;
Aloft, her Empire's pennant ; below, her nation's wealth.
Daughter of men and markets, bearing within her hold,
Appraised at highest value, cargoes of grain and gold.



Mr. Raymond Collinge's essay on Robert Louis Stevenson was a much-appreciated effort, and identified the meeting with Stevenson's ideal of happiness.



Stevenson's cheerful figure was made to live in all his buoyant optimism and Sir Galahad philosophy.

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"It is better to try and fail than never to try at all" was Stevenson's battle-cry. "His strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure."



Mr. Collinge's paper ran with unbroken smoothness, an unfailing sign of familiarity with his subject.



The Chairman said: "We are indebted to Mr. Collinge for an entertaining paper. He is a literary artist in the truest sense, and it was a happy thought Stevenson's work was taken up."



Mr. W. H. Brigden's survey of current affairs opened an active discussion. His touch upon Goldwin Smith's recollections brought to mind the story told of Tennyson refusing to read his poetry before a select company until Carlyle, obnoxious critic, had left the room.

February 4th, 1911.

EXCERPTS from the CCCXXXIIIrd Meeting of the Saturday Club. Three hundred and thirty-three meetings! Think of it! In miles, it would take us to that city 333 miles behind us—Montreal. In years, to the time when Sir Walter Raleigh walked within the confines of the Tower of London after his ill-starred expedition to Trinidad and Venezuela in search of an elusive El Dorado.



Eleven members were present who possess a Teutonic love of Truth.



The business of the evening was English "Tariff Reform," presented by the Secretary in a manner that aroused a vigorous discussion. "Uncle Will" Brigden, valiant Free Trader, commenced throwing nut after nut from the Tree of Knowledge, which

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even the precentor could not crack with his Tariff Reform teeth. In the heat of battle the President wisely declared an armistice, with honours about even, but with armour much battered and in need of Dutch Cleanser.



When the meeting adjourned Sid Howard and several converts headed for the "Corner of Adelaide and Yonge."

February 18th, 1911.

MESSAGE of the Secretary bearing upon the CCCXXXIVth Meeting of the Saturday Club. There were nine present, who by their greatness of mind make small things great, and the Messenger.



Mr. W. K. McNeill gave a panegyric on the "Ice Age" of rather remote date, a comprehensive paper so masterly as to convince everyone that the Ice Shove finally established the Grenadier and Lake Simcoe Ice Companies. The essayist stated that in the Valley of the Don, where the jail stands, fossils and "has beens" may be found to-day in numbers still clinging to picks and shovels.



Dan Scott was next in prose sublime
To tell of Ireland's olden time,
How in pagan days the nations rose
And worshipped at dear Erin's toes,
And, listen too, their learning rare
Made alien students vexed, for fare,

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For Gallic was the mother tongue,
And Latin, Greek—why, children young
Played with old Plato, à la Teddy Bear,
And Cæsar at thy Rome beware.



Yes, Dan assured us, in ye olden times
Bridget was Goddess, and got up betimes ;
Hence family jars were then unknown—
A Golden Age was all their own.



I could go on and write a book,
But if I did I'd get the hook,
Of Renvyle chivalry, of noble deeds
Peculiar to the Celtic breed ;
How good St. Patrick fought the snakes,
And built cathedrals for our sakes,
Oh gee !



Wherever I wander, sweet Isle of the Ocean,
My thoughts still turn to thy emerald shore.
Ah, dear to my heart is a patriot's devotion
While musing on scenes I shall visit no more.
Adieu, then, dear land of romance and wild story,
Thy welfare and honour forever shall be
The prayer of an exile, whose boast and whose glory
Is the tie that still binds him, loved country, to thee.

March 5th, 1911.

AFTER reveries of your appreciative scribe bearing upon the CCCXXXVth Meeting of the Saturday Club, there being eleven present, who agree that to-day is better than yesterday and that to-morrow may be the best yet.



"Truth in Art" was given by Chevalier Iconoclastic Graham. He came armed with lance and clad in all the armour of the Periclean Age. In one fell swoop he sacked modern cities, put gas-log users to the sword, and sent their women and children into an exile where both moth and rust doth corrupt, especially embossed tin ceilings. So terrible was the slaughter that it came near wrecking the Saturday Club Embassy.



When night fell, the pale moon spread her quiet light over a scene of carnage. Field Marshal

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Graham and his chastening host were still there, and still looking for gore. As the Scottish Knight looked upon one "pretentious imitation of pretentious imitations," who, being carried off the field on a lath-and-plaster pallet, still clung to a lump of "cement made to look like real stone," he heard the martial strains of the Battle Hymn, "So perish all traitors to Truth in Art," break upon the benign air of this modern Bannockburn. Not until then did John the Conqueror wipe his trusty sword and put it in its sheath gown.



As Addison in his "Vision of Mirza" relates how heavenly airs are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place, so Mr. W. W. Alexander, who "walked circumspectly" with a second edition of "Truth

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in Art," surely tempered the wind to the shorn lamb. After the call to arms by the Graham, the music of it was inexpressibly melodious. Mr. Alexander, unlike his warlike ancestor, was for peace at any price. By and by a glorious rainbow appeared, the Dove of Peace perched upon it, and from the street the watch cried, "Ten o'clock and all's well."



Mr. Raw then gave his reporters' paper, provoking an interesting discussion, and although Fred shaped his sails for a football argument, there was no "kick off."

March 18th, 1911.

MEDITATIONS of the Secretary concerning the CCCXXXVIth Meeting of the Saturday Club, there being thirteen present, who concur with Plato that Virtue is Knowledge and Vice Ignorance.



The Club had pleasure in electing Mr. James Barr,—a compliment to its circle.



Holland was dealt with by the Club's envoy, sent there at great expense last summer, and "rich and rare were the gems" displayed.



"Reasons of State assume great privileges; whatever appears advantageous is lawful; and everything necessary is honorable in politics."
"Our mutual friend" the Secretary resorted to

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many questionable tricks in his literary march towards immortality.



The thanks of the Club are due to Mr. Sid Howard for his excellent paper, "The North-west Company"—a tale of the Grande Portage; of indestructible butter; of scantlings of tobacco; of Peter Gagnier; of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, and of those wonderful pioneer days in Canada when men wrought deeds of heroism with the same disregard as eating. Men whose Magna Charta was the axe, laid down only when the work was done. Men who by their integrity preserved this country for our inheritance, and lastly went to kirk, for they were mostly Presbyterians.



Mr. W. H. Brigden's "Carlyle" was an immense viaduct of intellectual thought. We journeyed over great mountains, touching only

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high places of literary effort, 'neath which broad valleys called Life, Man, Work spread themselves and could be seen as the train of thought swept on.



"Uncle Will," Literary Architect, started out by building an enormous cathedral around the Sage of Chelsea, within which, that majestic organ, his master-mind, swelled and filled with rugged music. As one peeped in, there sat Goethe composed, while in the cloisters raged the "French Revolution," mental extremes of this constructive and shattered genius—a man who by his selfishness blighted his own happiness; a man whose writings afford a tonic to succeeding generations. What complexity!



Mr. Brigden's paper was peerless, taking on the strength of his subject as it moved along.

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Miss Brigden, Mrs. T. E. Knowlton, and Miss Nina Barry were in the gallery during the evening, and as every man is thirsty in the presence of beauty, adjournment to cocoa was received with gusto.

April 1st, 1911.

SOLILOQUIES of the amanuensis bearing upon the CCCXXXVIIth Meeting of the Saturday Club, there being present fourteen members, who know our Honorary President at all times and everywhere, gives his strength to the weak, his sympathy to the suffering, and his substance to the poor.



"Uncle Will," in his one-act comedy "Omega," was irresistible. He came in last.



Mr. Charles Wilbraham of the Bank of Montreal was elected to the Society of Redeemed Men.



The door of the Literary Acropolis was opened by our optimistic sportsman and free-trader of goodwill, Mr. Fred Brigden, who had put some Pearls of Truth concerning Benson the author on a string and handed them round for the members to look at.

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Benson, graduate of Eton, disciple of the Simple Life, believes nature to be an infinite refreshment ; that the Power of Love is the heart-beat of certain peace, whose existence sustains humanity and whose quest is the chief aim of life.



Fred's paper, bleached three days, contained nothing but sunshine and happiness, and was more comforting than his "Speculations of Science," in which the entire synod of astrol-ogers was caught up into glory and left there.



Once, as a little boy, I saw this sign in a newly painted street-car : "Yes, it's wet ; feel it." And Mr. C. M. Manly's portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds was wet and full of freshness.



The President of the Saturday Club showed that

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the fame of the first President of the Royal Academy was won by his immortal genius, and that Sir Joshua was no mental wobbler like Hamlet. He was appreciated while he lived and found life a progress from Happiness to Happiness.



Mr. Manly's essay was linked with original and consecutive thought.



A French Officer, noticing the valour of the Grenadier Guards in the Crimea, exclaimed, "Now I understand Waterloo." Now we understand Joshua Reynolds—painter.



Heinrich Heine once good-naturedly observed that if it rained silver it would knock holes in his head, while the Children of Israel would

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pick up the silver manna. Poverty continues to knock holes in the heads of the Art Schools, according to a discussion which followed relative to Art development in Canada, where Government aid is scarcer than Oliver Twist's second helping of porridge.



As the Greeks regarded only the beautiful as divine, State aid is still only a beautiful thought.



The Genius of the Greek deified only the present ; the State goes them one better : it deifies the future—with promises—incarnation of the World, the Flesh, and the Devil.



The intellectual passover was abandoned at 10.45 p.m.

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The Secretary was pleased to announce that our President, Mr. Manly, had been awarded, in Montreal, the Jessie Dow prize for the best water-colour of the year—a picture of the Irish coast at Renvyle, done in the summer of 1910, when the Hibernian forces of nature—rain, wind, and storm—attempted in vain to defeat the purpose of our gifted friend.

April 15th, 1911.

THE CCCXXXVIIIth Meeting of the Augustan Age of the Saturday Club, there being present eleven of the good souls who believe with Comrade Graham that when the Creator decreed work for man He tempered it with Art.



Mr. Walter P. Harris had M. S. C. added to his classic name, and in taking oath renounced Vice, Villains, and Vivisection.



Oliver Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson said, was a plant that flowered late. Mr. Arthur Kemble, also flowering late in the Club's season, roused the meeting to a final sense of its peril with a literary earthquake, capitals being wrecked, commas

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broken in twain, full stops arrested, and exclamation marks turned into shrieks.



Having been severely upset by the Jamaican convulsion himself, Mr. Kemble forced the Athenian Singer to bear him company.

Theatre of Disaster

PLACE—JAMAICA

Time 1907

Scene I. Enter Homer, 2000 years late.
Swift exit, Greek.

Scene II. Drums !!
Presto, Kemble enters.
Tragic scenery.
Earth rocks.
Cocoanuts fall.
Lady typist faints.
Rum explodes.
Aroma revives lady.
Kemble stoops to conquer.
Rushes lady home.
"Bless you, my children."
Soft music.
Asbestos curtain!



All this transpired while we in the cent-belt were
safe and simply enjoying pneumonia.

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Mr. Kemble's paper, dignified in March (as well as April), ran parallel with our aims, its richest value being individuality—another facet to the Club's Koh-i-noor.



Meanwhile, at Kingston, by the azure Caribbean Sea, Hope has lifted her head, the city is rebuilt, and nature's ambitious fury is now only a memory.



"Canadian Names and their Significance" was a bright contribution by Mr. Frank Raw. His essay had a wide range—from naming the baby to Medicine Hat, Indian appellations and anecdotes.



Cobalt, synonymous of sudden wealth and sudden taste for art among "bush-whackers," contained a Raw subtlety. For matchless quality in writing

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delightful papers, Mr. Raw may almost be compared to the wandering bards of Alfred's time, and his observations did the members as much good as the man who invented sleep.



After the Chancellor of the Exchequer had made his usual fruitless appeal to those who owed him nothing, the members put on their coats and hats and went out.

April 29th, 1911.

SPRING is fairly with us now. Outside my window the great chestnut tree is covered with big gummy buds. Some have already begun to break into little green shuttle-cocks.



Up Forest Hill Road I am conscious of the silent forces of nature working all around me. The wet earth smells fruitful. Green shoots are peeping out everywhere. The twigs are stiff with sap. The moist air is laden with a faintly resinous perfume and resounds with the melody of feathered Jenny Linds.



Buds in the hedges, lambs beneath them—everywhere the work of reproduction going forward.



With this advent came the Club's Nunc Dimittis of another term, the most successful in its literary life.

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In accord with time-honoured custom, an offering of the season's early flowers was presented to our Fairy Princess. Nestling within, rested this "beautiful thought":—

The Saturday Club without Miss Brigden would be like a year without a Spring—a Spring-time without flowers.



Edition No. 2 of the Club Magazine, edited by Mr. Manly, was the *pièce de résistance*.



Until the eleventh hour the real world was shut out, and with necromantic power was conjured up brilliant visions, simple reasoning, and mystery concerning common things. Thirteen Palms were laid upon the Altar of Literature, and these showed that the progress of the Club is accompanied by clever pens.

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The XXIVth Annual Elections were then held and resulted as follows :—

Hon. President : Frederick Brigden, Sen.

President : Dan Scott.

Vice-President : W. K. McNeill.

Club Reporters } Geo. T. Pepall.
 } John Graham.

Secretary : "The Baron."



President Manly, in the words of the Apostle, then said : " I have fought the good fight—making the members work ; I have kept the faith—getting here on time ; I have now to retire to be mahled on my pallet."



President-Elect Scott, with dignity befitting the City Hall, climbed to the vacated rostrum of authority—the piano stool—and waving his sceptre—a lead pencil—proclaimed that as usual the Virtues would reign supreme. So passed the XXIIIrd year into history.

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So ended our enjoyable literary season—a period of good fellowship and refinement, destined to abide with us a memory of happy associations.



The Secretary now concludes the inditing of the Club's Chronicle, filled with feelings of fraternity and esteem for its Venerable Head and Members.



The intellectual atmosphere and comradeship for which our beloved Club is renowned has made the scribes' department one both of profit and pleasure. With these few words I commit to the Stream of Time this slight and inadequate token of the existence of a club of mutual friends.

JAMES W. BARRY.

Mirza's Vision of The Saturday Club

(A.D. 1905)

HAVING spent Saturday in scientific and altruistic meditation, in the evening I washed myself, and, being clean, journeyed to 103 Rose Avenue, where I fell into a "Chinese Dream" on the vanities of human life and the endeavours of Saturday Club members to step on the slippery page of history.



"Surely," said I, contemplating the critics, "they are but receptacles of vanity and the devil admires them."



While I was thus musing the clock struck nine. I cast my eyes "Westward Ho" and beheld the

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High Mogul, or President, climb to his Seat of Might, in order to have a "Broad-view."



Seeing me on time too, he set the meeting in motion. The sound of it was exceeding sweet and altogether foreign to any music heard outside the Dominions of Oakville on the 12th of July.



As Genius, the Secretary,* rose to resign again, my heart melted away in secret raptures and soliloquies.



Then Genius beckoned me to approach. Obeying, I fell down at his feet and wept, thinking he would grant me the privilege of handling "Golden Smith," but instead, he assessed me \$2.00, saying with a loud voice, "Antony, you will occupy the Nile Room Wednesday, but don't tell Cleopatra."

* T. E. Knowlton,

Chronicle of the Saturday Club

Then the High Mogul said to my frail anatomy,
"Cast thine eyes eastward and tell me what thou
seest!"



"I see," said I to myself, says I, "an arena
filled with artists of the I.O.U. Society fighting in
mad tenacity with an Iron Merchant, which of all
should make famous 'Famous Diarists.'"



"That is the Vale of Misery where the producers
of pot-boilers are chased by the critics: not even
the icy truth is tempered to the shorn lamb."



"What is that bridge I see in the midst?" asked
I of Genius.



"The bridge thou seest is where Temagami
sports and native tribes of Toronto do congregate."

Chronicle of the Saturday Club

"I see multitudes of people passing over this bridge in the eager pursuit of bubbles." As I looked more attentively I saw several "bubble-chasers," with water-colours tucked under their arms, dropping through the bridge into the tide that flowed underneath, and, on further examination, perceived trap-doors, no sooner trod upon when pursued by a plague of commercial colourings than they fell through and disappeared.



"Tortured in life and swallowed up in inartistic death," said Genius, with compassion, seeing my eyes standing full of tears.



Then the good Genius, seeing I was filled with a deep melancholy, directed my Quiller-like regard to the fire-place. Through the mist I beheld all the present members clad in glorious apparel passing to and fro along the banks of the Nile, or

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lying down on beds of flowers. A confused harmony of Browning's "Saul" and "Come into the Garden, Maud," greeted my ears. I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on the innocent scene, and gladness grew within me. I cried out for the "Wings of the Morning" that I might join the celestial throng.



"There is no passage to such happiness," said the noble Genius, "except thou be a good soul and belong to the "Saturday Club."



I turned to thank my benefactor. He had vanished, and I was alone on the Hills of Bagdad.

B.



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